

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Sixth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 32.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

PRICE 1½d.

MARRIED BENEATH HIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.'

CHAPTER I.—ON LECKHAMSLEY ROUND.

THERE are deserts in temperate England as in the burning East, although they are not of sand; vast stretches of undulating down, where you may drive scores of miles continuously (along that great green road whereon the scythed chariots of our ancestors once strove to mow the bristling crops of Roman legions down) without meeting a wheeled conveyance. Not a bagman's trap adventuring the short-cut over the hills between two country towns; nor a farmer's gig returning with its, portly inmate, indistinguishable as to his features, by reason of his many 'wraps,' for the Downs are cold; nor a parson's, whose nag jogs on but wearily after that indifferent feed at the workhouse, where his master, too, has been sitting on 'the Board' instead of *at* it; nor a doctor's—although that is the least unlikely of all—bounding over the ruts at speed as though the Ridgeway were the king's high-road, because he has been sent for to some lady in a situation delicate as well as almost inaccessible, and life or death may hang upon his speed. Equipages of any description, in short, are met but sparingly upon the Downs, even in summertime, and when the air is clear. If some few traverse these wastes when snow lies there, they do it in company, starting early, and returning before dusk. Nothing marks their track save a stunted thorn or so; the crosses, deep-dug in the turf, cannot then be seen, which here and there shew where travellers, in like plight with themselves, have perished miserably in some past winter, for the Down drifts are deep and dangerous. Anywhere but on the Ridgeway itself, indeed, it at all times behoves the wayfarer to know well the points of the compass, and to duly recognise the far-apart plantations that the tyrannous winds keep so thin and stunted, and each of which, to the unaccustomed eye, is as like to the other as the chalk-pits whose unprotected

rims gape hungrily where they are least expected. For mists will roll up from the well-watered valleys suddenly, and clothe the Downs in a mantle thick as Shetland wool. Happy the traveller who in such a case shall hear the tinkle from some flock of sheep, for they may be the joy-bells that shall bid him live. He may neither acknowledge this nor feel it, at the moment; but when he has reached the flock (as, though he sees them not, he knows, by a scampering of many feet, set in motion by his approach), the shepherd tells him: 'Thou beest lucky, man, to ha' met wi' me; for else thee woldst sure and sartain have got a broken neck.' And when the fog for a moment clears, it discloses to the astonished stranger a green precipice, towards the brink of which he was complacently tending, leading by a very short-cut to the lowlands, and diametrically opposite to the direction he meant to take.

The shepherd is the only fellow-creature, even in summer, who can be reckoned upon to be met with on the Downs. With that connecting-link between the Human and the Ovine, his dog, for sole companion, he passes the livelong day among his sheep, rarely reading, rarely sleeping, rarely eating or drinking, rarely smoking, and—in spite of his composed countenance, and eyes steadfastly fixed upon the spreading beauties of the vale below—as rarely thinking. It is surprising to reflect how seldom a poet arises among this pastoral race, who seem to have nothing to do *but* to make verses. Ploughmen, whose attention is more occupied by their work, and whose minds are therefore less at liberty than those of these Corydons, have produced half-a-dozen bards for one of theirs. The profession seems to have exhausted itself in bringing forth King David. It still affects the Jewish harps, for we once found a shepherd playing *O Susanna!* upon one (not very

long after London fell in love with the tune), under a wattle hurdle ; and also slings, for our younger sheep-watchers often amuse themselves with a bit of leather and pebbles—an ammunition they are obliged to carry in their pockets, since the Downs produce it not—in pelting the crows ; but the art of versifying seems to have departed from them altogether.

If not poetic themselves, however, they are the cause of poetry in others. As one rides or walks over these hedgeless wastes, notwithstanding that a 'barrow' full of Saxon bones may, here and there, awake an archaeological fancy, or in the hazy distance of the vale, a church-tower, or a fir-clump, to which we are at a loss to give its proper title, may attract our attention, the way is somewhat desolate, and rich and ample as is the distance of the picture everywhere (for nature here purveys for us panoramas), we are glad to see a human figure in the bare foreground. There, then, lies Corydon, whistling some favourite melody, and plucking at the grass, like the sheep themselves, with his profitless fingers ; while his dog (by no means so elegant or sagacious a creature as its kin in the north) lies beside him, with its tongue out, panting from that last scamper after some ungregarious 'woollen,' as though its heart would break ; although quite unnecessarily, and perhaps only with the view of impressing its master with a sense of its exertions, for if he does but move his hand, the dog will be off again like arrow from bow.

These two, we say, with their fleecy charge spread out on the hillside, are pleasant and poetical to come upon ; and the rough welcome of each is cheerful after that melancholy monotone of the peewit, which alone has greeted our ears hitherto.

If the Downs, however, be in some sort deserts, they have oases in them. Almost as suddenly as on the chalk-pits, we sometimes come upon a small sequestered village, sunk among them, like a lark's nest in clover, with a square-towered church, very old and very ugly, and having the appearance of an ill-shorn sheep, for the ivy with which bountiful nature endeavours to clothe its nakedness, has been clumsy stripped off by ruthless churchwardens, in whose eyes devotion and the picturesque have no connection, and who, if you spoke to them of Gray's *Elegy*, would ask how much it was a bottle, and inform you whose preparation for destroying ticks in sheep they used instead. From the Downs-top the church looks well enough, but lucky for you, if its bell be going, that the winds are contrary, for there is an even chance that it is cracked, and a certainty that it will be tolling as though the Squire was dead, even though it be celebrating a marriage, since out of a single bell the best of ringers cannot strike a wedding-peal. There is often a pleasant local fiction that there are more bells, and during the last five minutes before the service begins, 'the little bell' is said to be going ; but it is only the same bell differently manipulated — jerked. There are tall elm-trees, too, about the churchyard, which are a surprising sight to come

upon, after the almost treeless track the traveller has pursued ; and the farm-steading beyond them, with its sturdy nicks, above which rises the dovecot like a may-pole, speaks of comfort and plenty, in strong contrast to that barren way. And, indeed, under that moss-covered, gabled roof, there is strong ale to be had for the asking—that is, if a gentleman-stranger, like yourself, happen to look in—and if the master chance to be out with the key of that treasure, the goodwife will at least warm you some excellent elder-wine, which, with sugar and toast, is not to be despised, look you, by one who has been blown about the windy Downs.

From the heart of this rich homestead there sometimes proceeds a self-satisfied purring sound, if you draw near enough to hear it, like that which Pussy makes when she sees all about her comfortable—the subdued whir of the winnowing-machine in the barn. On the other side of the churchyard stands the rectory-house, half-smothered in ivy, and with a pretty garden, stocked with such flowers as can be got to flourish in that rigorous air and sterile soil.

The Squire's house, too, whether of greater or less pretensions, is sure to be not very far removed from the straggling street, for should an ambitious mansion raise its head above the sheltering brow of the hill, the slates would have a rattling time of it, and the rain soon penetrates into the attic bedrooms. There are commonly one or two farm-houses beside that principal one which we have mentioned ; two little beer-shops, with very large creaking signs ; a blacksmith's forge ; a lollipop dépôt, where boot-laces and postage-stamps are also sold ; and a cobbler's stall. These are the principal features of a village among the Downs ; and to them must be added the stocks, still bearing in these outlandish latitudes their human fruit, from time to time—mostly at seasons of festivity—and placed for the public convenience as centrally as possible, and in full view of the churchyard, to which the culprit's face is always turned, in order, we suppose, to lead his meditations into the proper channel. In severe winters, it is not unusual for the inhabitants of these retreats to be snowed up for days, so that no wheeled thing can reach or leave them, and when the snow melts, there comes a flood into the happy valley. Besides this, a casualty sometimes occurs, which is euphoniously termed 'a rising of the springs.' Whatever be the cause, however, of this inundation (which happens without warning), the fact is that the cellars have more water than wine in them ; and if an inhabitant is in need of a little of his own sherry, he must embark in a washing-tub to get it, and then dive. It is for these reasons that the footpaths are often raised three or four feet higher than the roadway, and that you sometimes perceive wooden bridges spanning nothing, and leading nowhere, as it seems, in summer-time, but which are not without their use at periods when 'click, clack' go the iron patters over the stones, and 'slush, slush' the horses' knees in the choked streets.

The village of Casterton, which I have in my mind's eye at present, has many of these things in common with its sister-hamlets, while other features—which will, perhaps, appear anon, when there has been no such preceding glut of 'description'—are peculiar to itself. Our story opens at a spot about a mile and a half from this place,

high up on the lone and desolate downland, which stretches away, fenceless and limitless, on all sides like an ocean or a prairie. Like a prairie, too, the earth is covered with flowers, but so minute as not to affect the colour of the landscape, which is grass-green everywhere, except where the shining chalk-roads slash it with white.

Although it is early this summer morning, and the dew has not left the grass, two boys of about sixteen or so are sitting upon it—at the foot of what seems, and is, a mighty rampart circling away behind them—as though rheumatism was as difficult a thing to catch as hares.

'Willum's late this morning,' observed the shorter but more thickly-built of the two lads, whose eyes had been fixed steadily on the village for several minutes.

'I wish you'd say Willum, Jack, and not Willum,' returned the other, laying his hand kindly on his friend's shoulder, as though to avoid the appearance of offence.

'What's the good?' replied the first speaker. 'Willum's easiest. Everybody ain't such a deuced clever fellow as you, Fred. Willum's what father calls it, and Willum does for me.'

'But your father wanted you to ride Grandsire, which, he said, had done for him very well, and might for you, Jack; but nothing would serve you to go hunting upon that was in the stable, and he must needs buy for you that long-tailed, thin-legged—'

'There's not a better pony in the county,' roared Jack Meyrick angrily. 'I'll bet he shews you his tail the first time we go into the vale this year, my boy. Thin legs, indeed! why, everybody but a gaby would know that his legs *ought* to be thin.'

'I didn't say they *oughtn't*,' quoth the other laughing. 'You know a great deal more about horses than I do, Jack.'

'Ay, I believe you; I rather just think I do,' was the unmitigated reply.—'Why don't Willum come, I wonder? Let us cross the ditch and climb the mound, and then we shall be sure to see him.'

'Ditch! mound! Why, my dear Jack, don't you know what happened here?'

'Right well I do, lad. It was in this very place that we picked five-and-twenty pounds of mushrooms in one afternoon last year. Charlotte pickles 'em precious well. I like pickled mushrooms, I do.'

'Ay; but I mean what happened here before last year—when every blade of grass was drenched in blood, Jack, and spear and sword cut into the naked flesh of our fathers'—

'I don't believe it,' interrupted Meyrick sturdily. 'That's one of the tales you are always making out, and repeating till you believe it yourself. Do you suppose my mother wouldn't have told me if anything like that had happened to the governor? Pooh! And your father a doctor too! Why, who would ever have fought with *him* on Leckhamsley Round? It's ridiculous!'

'I mean our forefathers, Jack—our ancestors. They crossed this fosse upon the naked bodies of their slain; they had only clubs for the most part, while they, upon the rampart there, were cased in armour, and had swords and spears. They say that thirty thousand Britons perished in this one trench, only a few hundreds in the next, and not one lived to reach the top of the mound. And yet the place is not a hundred and fifty yards away,

and was protected by no other defence than we see now. Doesn't that seem strange, Jack?'

'Ay, strange enough,' muttered Meyrick with a sigh, for historical allusion always oppressed him, as partaking of the nature of 'lessons,' which he held should never be administered to a chap unless when at school, and it was now holiday-time. 'But bother all that! I'll bet you threepence that I'll be on the top of the mound before you.'

'Done!' exclaimed Frederick, tossing his long dark hair as an impatient horse his mane. 'There are some stones there—on the very spot, perhaps, where the eagles stood; we will see who can touch them first.'

'Eagles! Come, I'm not a-going to stomach *that*, Master Galton. I mayn't be a bookworm, but I am not such a dolt as you would make me out. Plovers I've seen, and quails I've seen; but if ever an eagle stood upon Leckhamsley Round—Well, I'm not a-going to argy about it. One, two, three, and *off!*'

In half a minute, they were neck and neck, nose and nose, at the stones that marked the summit of the Round, as the old camp was called at Casterton. No wonder that the wily Roman fixed his station there. Four counties could his sentinel deservy from it, and all the approaches from the country round. The two concentric circles of fosse and rampart were as plainly visible as though they had been dug yesterday, and must have been garrisoned, all antiquaries agree, by at least a legion. Jack Meyrick must have heard something of this, notwithstanding that he seemed so taken aback by his friend's historical enthusiasm, for the place was the Lion of Casterton. Mr Morrit, the curate, Frederick's uncle, had even written a guide to it, containing such minute information that, if the ancient Britons had but possessed a copy, they might have known where to storm, and made straight for the general's tent without inquiry. After a little discussion as to who had won the race, which could not be settled satisfactorily, 'I wonder whether *Agricola* was ever here?' muttered Frederick musingly.

'I wonder what has got Willum?' returned the other impatiently.

'You remember who *Agricola* was, Jack, don't you?'

'Yes, to be sure I do—he's in that confounded grammar: *Agricola*, a husbandman.'

'Well, then, I am sure *he* was never here,' exclaimed Frederick, surveying the smooth green flat, untouched by ploughshare, with a laugh. Fred was that very rare specimen of boyhood, a humorist—a wit of fifteen years old, and he felt it hard, as an older jester would have done, to have said a good thing without appreciation. Like most humorists, too, he had a sensitive nature, and fearing to have hurt his duller companion's feelings, by laughing at what he did not understand, he explained the witticism. Jack did not see it yet. He explained it the second time, and Jack saw it.

'Ah, I see,' quoth he; 'and there's Willum coming at last.'

It was certainly very unsatisfactory for poor Fred.

William, Squire Meyrick's groom, and chief of the kennel, could now indeed be easily perceived trotting smartly up the long hill from Casterton, upon his master's gray. Why he should visit the

Round at that early hour, since the old mare was by no means in want of 'exercising,' and it was probable that her rider had little taste for the archaeological, was not at first sight evident; but presently, between him and the village there appeared Bob, stable-help and master-of-the-dogs, accompanied by a lad still lower in the social scale, and by a long line of greyhounds. The morning was raw and even cold for the season, and each of the dainty creatures wore a sort of Liliputian horse-cloth, in which it tripped along, like any conscious beauty in her new mantilla. Now one would pause a moment in such an attitude of expectation as might break a sculptor's heart in the vain attempt to copy it; or strain at the leash which held him, with his lustrous gazelle eyes fixed on the retreating horseman. When the latter had attained the summit of the Round where stood the young gentlemen, he made a signal with his cap, and the clothing was instantly removed from a couple of greyhounds; he blew on a silver whistle, and they were slipped and sped away towards him at such speed, as scarcely a bird of the air could emulate. It was a beautiful sight. Their long fleet legs were so swiftly laid to ground, that to the eye they moved not; they seemed in the distance to skim the turf like swallows; but as the competitors drew nearer, you could see the agile limbs make play, the neck and nose outstretched, but not too low, and all the wondrous work of bone and sinew. *Mango* and *Mangonel*! The two boys cheered as though a thousand others beheld the scene in their company, for the beautiful strife of speed stirred their hearts within them. 'I'll lay a crown on *Mangonel*,' cried Jack.

'And I on *Mango*,' exclaimed Fred, in haste, lest, ere he could end speech, his dun should win.

But the dun did not win. Coal-black *Mangonel* first reached the living goal, William, well pleased to see his young master gain his wager by just three-quarters of a nose. It was a great race.

'The mile,' said William, looking at his watch, 'was done in just one second less than by the brown bitch *Mandragora*. You mind her, Master Jack—she as broke her leg a-jumping from the cart at Ashdown meeting. We had bad-luck all that day.'

Then there were more races, for all the kennel were to be breathed that morning; and upon each the two boys betted, and upon each young Meyrick won, who understood greyhounds better than *jeux-d'esprit* and antiquarianism. 'Let us bet only half-crowns,' said he, after a little, either because he did not wish to take such solid advantage of his superior knowledge, or because he suspected the solvency of his debtor.

'No, no; crowns, crowns, I say!' cried Galton impatiently, for his blood was up, and since he had already lost more than he could pay, was, as is usual, exceedingly anxious to gamble. But even when he had the choice of dogs, poor Fred always chose the worse, save once; and even then, when the swifter hound was his, and leading by a length, the creature fell, turning head over heels, in accordance, doubtless, with certain laws of motion, but very much in opposition to Master F. Galton's hopes and wishes, and thereby was thrown out and beaten. One pound ten shillings is not a great debt, in the eyes of some young gentlemen; but when one's pocket-money is only half-a-crown a week, and one has laid nothing by, it is unpleasant to

owe it. Debts of this kind possess the disagreeable attribute of making you detest your creditor. One would not be sorry, somehow—though, of course, the inhuman sentiment is but transitory—if he should instantly be removed to another and happier sphere, through the dropping of a tortoise upon his head from an eagle's beak, for instance, or other painless and classical mode of sudden extinction. There would then be no necessity for paying such a ridiculously small sum as thirty shillings to his executors, or sorrowing relatives. They would, even in all probability, be distressed at our offering to pay it. In the meantime, however, or in the event of the tortoise-accident not coming off at all, there is the cruel necessity of putting on a cheerful, nay, even a jaunty air, and looking as if of Charles Fox's two greatest pleasures in this world, that of *losing* was to ourselves the most satisfactory.

Poor Frederick, as he paced homeward beside his late friend and the men and dogs, seemed to himself like a captive in the triumphant procession of his conqueror, Jack. The parallel may actually have presented itself, and a Roman triumph along the Sacred Way been pictured to his downcast mind, for it was imaginative in the highest degree, and well stored with rich materials; but if it did, it was swept away almost immediately, and the simple mathematical expression of '—30' substituted in its place. The morning growing brighter and warmer moment by moment, the elasticity of the down on which he trod, the graceful beauty of the animals that picked their way so carefully yet rapidly beside him—all those external objects, in short, which, under ordinary circumstances, would not have failed to give pleasure to Frederick Galton's mind, as responsive to all such influences as the *Aeolian* harp to the lightest breeze, were now unfelt, unrecognised. The whole face of nature was obscured to him—as it has been to many a wiser and worthier man—by that dirty debt; it was, for that matter, just as though he had carried the money in his eye. His tongue uttered 'Good-morning' as the party came to the bridge where the footpath struck away to his father's house; but his heart went not with it. He thought it was the worst morning that he had seen for a very long time.

In this violent state of disapproval of the working of the whole system of the universe, he slammed the gate of the back-yard behind him almost off its hinges; he kicked the dog that ran out to welcome him; he scowled at the cook, who was engaged in no worse occupation than cleaning the potatoes intended for his own dinner; and brushing quickly by the breakfast-room door in spite of the voice that hailed him so cheerfully from within with 'Fred, my boy, the muffins are getting cold,' he ran straight up into his bedroom without reply. And all because he had lost thirty shillings, and did not see his way to pay the debt.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

If Frederick Galton had been a lad with no particular mental inclination, it is certain that he would have grown up to be a surgeon. Before he was nine, he had professionally visited all the neighbourhood within a radius of ten miles round Casterton, and was as well known as his father the doctor. He only held the reins and sat in the gig, it is true, unless when he was hospitably invited

to enter and be regaled with brandy-cherries, a favourite mid-day refreshment in the Down country, and excellently adapted to the climate; but he was put in possession of the entire case as soon as the visit was over, and the gig-wheels once more set a-rolling. He got quite to associate that expostulatory squeak which the Down gives forth when one drives over it, with pathological symptoms; and to identify particular spots—long chalk hill-roads, for the most part, where enforced tardiness of motion begat verbal prolixity—with certain tedious diseases. It was a disappointment to the good man that his son evinced no passionate interest in these pre-*Lancet* narratives, as we may call them—for the best, that is to say, the worst of the cases often found their way into the columns of that journal, and made the most private ailments of many an unconscious rustic the theme of European controversy, under the medical *nom de plume* of 'Mr A,' a gentleman of phlegmatic disposition'; or 'Mrs B, a lady of full habit.' The doctor would have liked to have seen Frederick's leisure devoted to amateur experiments in his laboratory, or passed in company with the electrical machine at least; and he was beyond measure distressed when Ponto (poaching) had the misfortune to get his near fore-leg (it was very nearly 'off') in a gin, that the lad could not even be induced to witness the operation for compound comminuted fracture, but shut his eyes, and closed his ears with his fingers.

It was surprising enough that Dr Galton should wish his son to embrace a profession of the drawbacks of which he had had himself no little experience, but it was the case, nevertheless. If he had been a bishop instead of a parish doctor, he could not have dwelt more unctuously upon the advantages of his calling. Considering all circumstances, this liking, indeed, may be said to be inexplicable, save upon one hypothesis. It must be considered to have been a cerebral affection, and if we might have presumed to dictate remedial measures to a medical man, we should have suggested warm water for his body, and the placing of his head well under a cold shower-bath, until the symptoms abated. For the doctor's experience had been as follows. When Dr Galton *bought* the medical curacy of Casterton, some twenty-five years ago, it returned him just thirty pounds per annum, paid quarterly. The Board of Guardians might have made a cheaper bargain with an inferior man; but such an advantage in the medical profession is a scientific reputation, that they elected Mr William Galton in preference to all other competitors, on account of his excellent testimonials. Besides this income, there was an extra allowance, averaging seven pounds a year, for vaccinations and midwifery cases; and, moreover, the title of Doctor, was conferred, not by courtesy, but because the neighbourhood knew no better. There were, however, two thousand people to be 'attended' for this money, being at the rate of rather over threepence-half-penny a head per annum; while the parish being straggling, it was absolutely necessary that he should keep a horse. He had also to supply medicine gratuitously, which service was a serious item, because he had the misfortune to be an honest man; otherwise, he might have stocked a small dispensary with diluted drugs and sick leeches at a reasonable figure.

The usual course of a parish doctor (not one of whom, not even the late Mr Palmer of Rugeley, to their honour be it written, has yet committed the justifiable homicide of poisoning his entire Board of Guardians), if it runs smoothly, and is not cut short, as it sometimes very naturally is, by debt, disappointment ending in drink, and moonlight departure without paying the rent, is as follows: He does his work among the poor (very hard work it always is, and aggravated in the Down country by fogs and snow-drifts) to the best of his power, and waits patiently, trusting and being trusted, for an opportunity of exhibiting his skill among the rich folks, whose housekeepers and servants are in the meantime his only paying patients, with the exception of a few farmers' wives. The farmers themselves are never ill, and their consorts often prefer to resort to a 'wise woman' to cure their maladies. The county folks always send a mounted groom into the neighbouring town for old Dr Pouncey, in whom they have great confidence, and are shy of calling in a young parish doctor. Accidents and apoplexy, however, are both, luckily, of frequent occurrence in a hunting county, and these form the happy chances, whose skirts the new-comer must grasp, and, having grasped, must never leave his hold. It was a sudden emergency of this kind which first brought Dr Galton to the Grange at Casterton, and no other medical man was ever sent for afterwards to Squire Meyrick's. This was one of the oldest families in the neighbourhood, although, in social cultivation, from their having been buried alive, as well as dead, at Casterton for so many generations, not much above the rank of gentlemen-farmers. Squire Meyrick had, however, as great a disinclination to die as the most polished of fine gentlemen, and was probably quite as grateful as any such would have been to the man who, by God's help, saved his life. Dr Galton had brought him home from what had been likely to prove his last hunting-field. When a gentleman of sixteen stone pitches on his head from the back of a horse of sixteen hands, the vexed question of whether he has got any brains or not, is in a fair way of being settled. Mr Meyrick, by getting his concussed, silenced the voice of detraction triumphantly. His wife never forgot the saving help which the kind doctor had administered on that cold November evening, and the comfort he had spoken to her aching heart; and she blew his professional trumpet for him ever afterwards, exaggerating, after the female manner, both the peril which her goodman had been in, and the skill which had averted it; so that the doors of other 'granges,' 'halls,' and 'houses' in Downland were soon opened wide to the poor parish doctor, and had stood so ever since.

Whoever had seen Dr Galton by their bedside in the hour of danger, was eager to send for him again in the like calamity. Not only was he—in spite of the discredit which the thing obtains among the fastidious Faculty—a really excellent 'general practitioner,' but also an agreeable gentleman. In place of the one dinner per annum with the squire, and the two with the rector, but too often the limit of hospitality accorded to his class—who are thereby driven to mix with a lower stratum of society, a clay that is but too apt to moisten itself with gin and porter—he became a favourite guest at all the great tables round. The county families

were quite delighted when Dr Galton married Ellen Morrit, the curate of Casterton's sister, instead of some farmer's daughter or other person, 'whom it would have been quite impossible, you see, for us to visit ;' and strengthened by this alliance with the church, and with no less than five horses in his stable (for his practice had grown so great as to demand that stud), he found himself, while still a young man, in a position which few of his order attain to at the close of a life's labour.

Mrs Galton had died, however, within a year of her marriage. The widower's prosperity continued, but he cared little for it, since she no longer shared it. He had never loved worldly gear for its own sake, and would probably have retired from practice, had she not left him a son to profit by his exertions, the birth of whom had been the death of her he loved so dearly. At first the child had been almost hateful to him on this account ; but as he grew up displaying the tender sensibility and affection, as well as much of the personal beauty of his mother, his heart seemed to yearn towards him, all the more that it had been at one time unjustly estranged. He could not bear to send the lad to school, out of his sight and superintendence ; it seemed too hard that he should deprive himself of that one comfort in his desolate wifeless home ; to hear the boy's cry of welcome, to clasp his hand, to kiss his cheek, was all he had now to look forward to, during those long drives over the dreary Downs ; drives wherein for years the widower had bitterer companions than the wind and snow, in the unbidden thoughts of his own heart, wherein the love-light had been quenched so suddenly. But Time, a more certain if a more tardy healer than any of the Faculty, had mitigated even this grief ; and when Freddy became old enough to take his seat beside him on the gig, instead of a groom, his father's eye grew bright again, though never with the dancing merriment of his youth. In the innermost shrine of his heart's temple, stood the veiled mute figure of his wife, and at times he would still retire there, to worship secretly ; but his son now filled the rest of the sacred place, and his hopes and wishes for him were constant as the ever-burning candles of the altar. In the ante-chapel, if we may continue the metaphor, was admitted Robert Morrit, the curate, and his close neighbour, the only brother of his dead wife, and he who, next to himself, held her memory most in reverence. Dr Galton excused himself, in part, for not sending Fred. to school because Uncle Robert, who was a great scholar as well as a good priest, had volunteered for the office of tutor, which, up to the present date, he had discharged most faithfully.

'Fred, my boy, these muffins are getting excessively cold,' exclaimed the doctor for the second time, emerging from the breakfast-room into the little white-washed hall, and holloaing up the stairs to his offspring.

'Coming, sir,' replied Frederick cheerily, and it was no waiter's answer, for as he uttered it, he came, taking the staircase in three flying leaps. He was in the best of spirits now, for he had hit upon a plan for paying the thirty shillings ; and indeed the thermometer of his spirits was apt to sink and rise between nadir and zero with a rapidity quite disproportioned to any actual change in the temperature of his circumstances.

'Coming down stairs like that is the very thing

to injure the *patella*, Fred. ; but I am glad to see you so nimble. There are very few things which denote a vigorous mind more certainly than activity of motion.'

'Then Mr Meyrick's greyhounds ought to be great geniuses, father : you should have seen them racing up the ground this morning ; Mangonel did the distance in the shortest time, confound him ; but — The young man blushed and hesitated ; he would not have let his father know he had been betting, for a great deal more than what he had lost.

'I am glad to see you blush, my boy. Why should you make use of such a term as "confound him," instead of, "I am sorry to say?" And why should you be sorry that Mangonel, of all dogs, should have won ?'

'He is a black dog,' returned the lad, 'and I hate black dogs : the other was a dun.'

'You like a *dun*, do you ?' observed the doctor dryly. 'It is very few of us who can say so much as that.' And the father laughed as one who does not make so good a joke every day in the year ; and the son laughed joyously back again, because he saw his father was pleased. Fred. loved his parent dearly, and (which is not always the case with even the most dutiful of offspring) always enjoyed his company.

We may respect, nay love, an individual very highly, and yet prefer a *tête-à-tête* with a far less worthy fellow-creature. There must be something of an elder brother, perhaps, too, of a sister also, in a man who would have his son to choose him for a companion ; and this Dr Galton had. Had the pair but been a little more similar in disposition—even in their faults—the boy would have reposed every confidence, every confession of shame and sin, in his father's breast, loving as it was as that of a woman, and filled with the large charity of a good man ; but unhappily their characters had nothing in common. They were within a very little of that confidential relation (so often rendered impossible by the senior), which, once established between parent and offspring, offers the surest safeguard to the latter to be found on earth ; but they had just missed it. Frederick was well aware that any vice, nay, almost any crime, would be forgiven by his father, if he did but confess it penitently, but he also knew that it would not find extenuation. Dr Galton was much the reverse of a hard man, and would certainly be considered by most persons as an over-lenient one ; but his son, who knew him thoroughly (and who indeed, young as he was, could read the characters of most men he fell in with), was well aware that the very inclination for certain vices—such as that of betting more than you can afford upon a dog-race—was wanting, and never had any existence within his father's breast ; that he would have called it by some harsher name than it deserved, and ascribed it, not to the excitement of emulation (which was the complacent view the boy took of the matter), but to some devilish impulse almost unknown to the human breast. The doctor was of a calm, quiet, even temperament, prudent, though far from worldly, unimpulsive, and undemonstrative. Frederick was impetuous, enthusiastic, with feelings easily moved, and features that must needs at once express his feelings, even in the rare case of his obtaining the mastery of his tongue ; passionate, too, he was, and self-confident beyond the warrant

of his really extraordinary talents. A bishop's cob and an unbroken colt from the prairies, would have made a less dissimilar pair. It is obvious that the latter must commit more escapades on the highway of life than his lordship's respectable nag, who would also be quite unable to account for the eccentricities of his yokefellow.

'Talking of duns,' continued the doctor, 'reminds one of years of discretion and responsibility. You cannot be passing such humdrum days, lad, all your life, as those you spend in Casterton.'

'Why not, father? Why should I leave you and Uncle Robert? I am quite content with my nag and such coursing and hunting as I can get, I do assure you. If you are not desirous of getting rid of me, I would willingly remain here always, even if you were not so good as to keep a horse for me. With bat-folding in winter, and hoop-trundling on the Downs in summer, I should be quite content.'

'Hoop-trundling in your seventeenth year! I was really quite ashamed to see you and young Jack Meyrick yesterday going out with your hoops.'

'Ah, but if you had been with us, father, you would have thought it capital fun. The wind was nor-west, so we started them from the top of Kempsey Down; and after giving them two minutes' grace, my hoop was past the wind-mill, and Jack's rising the hill out of the bottom more than a mile away. When they came to ruts or roads, they would leap like deer. Mine took the Ridgeway in three bounds, upon my honour. We could scarcely have overtaken them, I do believe, if we had been on horseback. We had a run of just three miles, and found them not fifty yards apart, in Whitecomb Warren. If they had not been stopped by the furze, they would have gone right down to the London Road.'

'Well, that is better than going out with a hoop and stick into the streets, Fred, I allow,' returned the doctor, rather carried away by this exciting relation; 'but still a hoop-hunt is not a pursuit to last your life. What do you suppose Uncle Robert teaches you Greek and Latin for?'

'Oh, that's for the wet days, father, when, I suppose, I should be rather dull without my hoop.'

'Ah, Fred, Fred!' exclaimed the doctor, taking him by the ear, and pinching it kindly, 'you are not going to get out of a serious truth this morning by any such show of simplicity. You know, you young dog, as well as possible what I am driving at, and you are moving that the question be put again this day six months, after the parliamentary election; but it is really time that this matter was discussed.'

'Very well, father,' returned the boy, with downcast eyes, and fingers busy with the corner of the breakfast-cloth.

'There is one way, and one alone, my lad, by which you may yet live all your days in this peaceful village, where, if there are no great excitements, there are also no temptations, and where you are as likely to find happiness—the greatest happiness,' sighed the doctor, thinking of that one cloudless year of his own life—as anywhere in this world. There would be an interval, of course, when you will be up in London learning your profession; but after that, you can return hither, become my partner, and indeed succeed to my duties as soon as you please. Even in case of your marriage, there is no reason why you should go

elsewhere. We have lived too long together, I think, Fred, to have misgivings about dwelling under the same roof. I don't think I could bear to part with you, my boy, even to a wife.'

Dr Galton rose from his seat, blew his nose with unnecessary violence, and looked out of the window with intensity. Frederick followed him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, whispered hoarsely: 'Is there no way of remaining with you but this, father? Must I be a surgeon?'

'Have you the same strange antipathy to my profession, Frederick, as when you were a child?'

'Yes, father; quite the same. I feel I have not the heart—the nerve for this cold-blooded cutting and carving.'

'Then you will not insist, of course, upon entering the army or navy?' interrupted the doctor eagerly.

'No, father,' replied the lad with a smile; 'although I do not think they are open to quite the same objection.'

'Then there is the church,' continued the doctor with cheerfulness; for he had felt that his darling hope of Fred's embracing his own profession had but slight chance of being realised, and was comforted to think that the lad at least entertained no desire for roaming.

'You must go to college, and get ordained, and then you can come here and help your uncle to do the duty, and take his place when he is gone (which God forbid, however, should happen these many years); and thus you will be amongst old friends for all your days.'

It was touching to watch the doctor's weather-beaten features as they brightened in the contemplation of this picture for his beloved son. He already congratulated himself upon having secured the lad to himself for life; he felt the comfort of having set him out of the reach of many dangers, temporal and spiritual, which never could assail him in Casterton, and of having marked out for him a future channel of existence, which, since he had himself found deep contentment in it, he did not doubt was eminently suited to the happiness of his son.

'Alas, father,' murmured Frederick with great unwillingness to efface the cheerful picture which he knew was presenting itself to the doctor's mind, 'I fear I shall never have a call that way.'

'A call, Frederick,' repeated the other, almost angrily; 'I do not know what you mean. I am surprised at hearing you make use of such a vulgar expression, fit only for Ranters. I wonder what your uncle would say!' For Dr Galton was High Church, as was his brother-in-law, a fact which was not displeasing to nine-tenths of the gentry round. We do not say that if it had been otherwise, the doctor would have been Low Church; but it is certain he would have objected to the word 'call' with somewhat less asperity. Or perhaps the truth is, that parish doctors see so much of those who are in want of religion altogether, that they cannot distinguish between the more delicate shades of it, but take them on trust from the eyes of those who have greater leisure to draw fine distinctions.

'Well, father, whatever we may please to term it, a man ought to feel something of that sort before becoming a clergyman.'

'I am quite sure your Uncle Morrit never felt anything so very ridiculous. These "callings,"'

and "groanings," and "movings" are nothing in the world but peculiar forms of hysteria, sometimes, I believe, complicated by colic."

"Uncle Robert was, you know, in some measure compelled to take orders to retain his fellowship," replied Frederick gravely; "but when he became a parish priest, he told me himself, that he began to think of ordination very differently. One does say, you know, in that service, that you "trust you are moved by the Holy Ghost to take this office upon you."

"That's very true," returned the good doctor, who had, however, been by no means aware of the fact. "I am sure, my lad, I am the last person to force you into a profession for which you are not suited; but I confess I don't like the law."

"Nor I, father; neither law nor lawyers."

Fred was generalising rather freely from the particular case of a country attorney who had lately managed to mulct his friend Meyrick (or rather the squire) in the sum of seventeen pounds, including costs, for breaking down a certain fence, which their ponies were unable to surmount, and in which offence Jack had been aided and abetted by Fred.

"There is nothing left but the Church, you see," observed the doctor, brightening again; "and doubtless, when you have been to college, and had your mind led to that subject for a year or two, you will think differently, and be able to take orders with a good conscience, after all."

Here the doctor's buggy came round in front of the window, which was a great relief to both the parties engaged in the above conversation. Each of them dreaded that a conclusion should be finally arrived at contrary to his inclination; and each of them trusted to time to effect his desired object.

"Perhaps it will be so," faltered Fred, "for no one can answer for himself so far ahead. I am sure I hope it will, father, for your sake."

The doctor kissed his forehead, which he had rarely done since the lad had been quite a child, and tolerably content, prepared himself for his long day's round.

Fred helped him into his greatcoat, buttoned the gig apron down when he was seated, and inquired whether he had his flask of sherry with him, which he would else have left behind. It seemed as though he could not do enough to shew his anxiety for his father's comfort. When the vehicle at last departed, he watched it from the stone steps before the cottage-door, as it wound its way along the great chalk-track to the Downs. For several minutes, he felt ungrateful and undutiful to so kind a parent, who worked so hard and so ungrudgingly for him—not for not acceding to his wishes at once in the matter of the church, but for withholding from him his own secret intentions—his settled purpose of adopting none of the professions of which his father spoke, but something else, which he had long ago fixed upon in his own mind. "And yet," murmured he apologetically, "what would have been the use, if I had told him? I know so well he would never have understood me."

CHAPTER III.—DUMB MOUTHS.

That unexhilarating tragedy, the *Seven against Thebes* of Aeschylus, was the book which Mr Frederick Galton was to take up to his uncle and tutor

that morning, and he revisited his bedroom to get it. As a grown man is known by the sort of companions he keeps, so the character of a youth is indicated by the furniture he gathers round him in his private apartment. If for the bell-handle he has substituted a fox's brush, and there are three hunting-whips in different stages of decay upon the mantel-piece, we are not surprised to find his library but scanty, and his edition of the poets limited to a sixpenny Warbler, containing what are called comic songs, but compared to which Methodistic hymns are lively.

If, again, everything is scrupulously neat, and the book-shelves arranged with a view of displaying the bindings, one may feel satisfied, even without finding a night-cap neatly folded upon the pillow, that the lad will never die of brain-fever, or attempt to revolutionise the glorious constitution of his native land. While, on the other hand, if a few devotional works acquire an undue prominence, and are ostentatiously left out on the table by his bedside, we would not answer for what he might do, nor on any account have the run of his private desk or secret drawers. Nay, if a slight tinge of tobacco lingered about a young gentleman's room, even at the age of sixteen, we should say that even in that early reprobate there lay less dangerous elements. Shall we suppose the case of a "few well-chosen water-colour drawings depending from the wall," and a "simple vase full of fresh-culled flowers upon the writing-table?" No; such things might be about a boy in a book, or a boy whose mother kept his room in order for him; but a real boy, left to his own desires, be assured, fair reader, never did surround himself with such delicate elegances, notwithstanding much beautifully-written evidence to the contrary.

There were two pictures, however, in young Galton's room: the one an engraving of the greatest living poet of the time, for poets do yet obtain honour even in these days from the generation which is rising while they flourish; the other, too, a portrait, and like the first, of one whose living features Frederic had never looked upon—that of a beautiful girl, dark, and large-eyed as himself, and about two years older. This was his dead mother.

His collection of books was extensive and various. The ancient classics were as well thumbed as those of a "sixth form" at Eton; partly because he rather liked them, and because he had been told (falsely) that through them lay the readiest path to the end he had in view; but principally because his uncle loved them, and made them the objects of Fred's study. Nevertheless, he took that *Seven against Thebes* down with an unmistakable sigh. He hated what are called "Books for Boys" of all sorts; but he would rather by half have borrowed Jack Meyrick's *Seven Champions of Christendom*, than studied that verbose uninteresting tragedy; and he cast a regretful glance at the long line of English classics that stood invitingly above it, any one of which he would have greatly preferred. Shakespeare stood there, by no means as yet his favourite author, although he had begun to have a dim consciousness that in his plays were to be read the wisest and most wondrous things ever written by uninspired man. Not one in a thousand boys have the least love for Shakespeare; the most they can in reality lay claim to is a blind traditional admiration for him—

The desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar—

and so far that they cannot get near enough, for the present, to recognise him at all. Very few grown men ever pore willingly over him, or read him privately for their own pleasure and profit. What they know of him, in spite of that voluminous edition, standing inviolate in their libraries, is from oral sources, and nearly all their quotations from him are at second-hand. They say that the great beauty of Shakspeare is that he is so easily understood, and in that respect has so great an advantage over modern bards; and as they do not blush during the delivery of this statement, we may charitably conclude that they believe it. If men therefore so rarely attain to the knowledge of Shakspeare, lads of sixteen—even of what is termed 'genius'—are not likely to appreciate him very thoroughly. The boy in one of Mr Leech's pictures who remarks: 'Aw! Shakspeare; I consider him a veway overwated individual,' uttered a sentiment in truthful accordance with the feelings of his contemporaries.

Master Frederick Galton was not indeed inclined audaciously to reverse the verdict of centuries, but for the present his Shakspeare was not dog-eared; neither was his Milton, though he was fond of poetry, and his knowledge of classics rendered that great bard more intelligible to him than to most boys. It astounds me to hear Macaulay telling us that *Paradise Lost* and *Lycidas* obtain a universal admiration. But Macaulay was a ripe scholar, when—at nineteen—he tells us so, and he looked upon all things with a scholar's eye. Fred's Byron was thumbed enough, and presented by no means a creditable appearance to his library. Shelley was dropping to pieces, from being carried out of doors, and blown about by the Downs' winds, while the Song of the Skylark in the summer air was the music to the words of the book, and fed the young reader's soul with a double joy. Keats, with his paper binding fairly fingered away, stood naked and not ashamed by the side of Wordsworth, for that philosophic bard and great interpreter of nature to the heart of youth was in little better condition.

As for the prose—which is by no means so instructive a feature in the mental diagnosis—there were histories old and new, but no travels save Gulliver's; there was fiction in plenty, which was certainly not placed there for show. Smollett and Fielding (not perused, we fear, by boys for their Shakspearian qualities), Charles Lamb, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, all the humorists of modern time, in short, were there—that is, all that are within the mental grasp of a clever boy; for there is a stilted and unfamiliar style about those whom the author of *Vanity Fair* has so pleasantly treated of, which makes them *cavare* to the young.

There was another book, neither courting nor shunning notice by its position in Fred's library, which it seems to me (however contrary it may be to the practice of the most elegant story-tellers) should not escape notice—namely, the Holy Bible. On that, as on others we have spoken of, the dust but too often accumulates as it lies on the shelf in our palmy days of youth and vigour. We hope, as Dame Quickly says, that there is no need to trouble ourselves with any such things yet, and are mostly

content to hear it read at church or in the household, as though it had no particular message for our private ear. Frederick Galton was in this respect little better than the rest of boys. His Bible, however, did not stand with the other books, but on the mantel-piece, beside the picture of his mother; perhaps undesignedly, or perhaps because to the boy's mind—which was far from irreverent—it seemed to be the most fitting place for it. The top of the drawers was littered with manuscripts in Greek and Latin; but the table standing by the window—from which a great part of the straggling village could be seen, as well as the top of the Round we have so lately visited—had usually papers on it of another sort; writings that were carefully put aside and packed in a drawer, when the occupant of the room was away, or popped into the big desk before which he sat, did any one enter while he was there. Although Fred was by no means neat in his ordinary arrangements, these sacred papers were folded and set in order with all care. Actuated by the sacred passion of paternal love, he watched over them jealously, for they were the first-fruits of his teeming brain. It is more than possible that the best thoughts in prose or verse there written might owe their origin to other literary parents; but if so, he was happily ignorant of it. Perish the wretch who, with sacrilegious finger, would point out his error!

For consider, thou respectable Paterfamilias, who hast never beat about thy brain for the plot of a story, or wearied thyself in vain over the Rhyming Dictionary for a tag to a couplet, how it would be with *thee* in such a case. Suppose at a time when thy half-dozen olive branches are 'down at dessert' as usual, and thou hast a few friends to dine with thee, that one of those guests should begin to find likenesses out of the family for each of thine unconscious little ones: a nose here, and a mouth there, a turn of the eye, or a hole in the chin, common to others of thine acquaintance, who are neither relatives, nor indeed especial favourites of thine own. Would not such conversation be unpalatable to thee, and such innuendoes against thy lady's honour insufferable? With indignation similar to thine own, then, would our young friend have met the calumnies which should question the originality of his *Hengist and Horsa*, a tragedy in five acts; of his *Amabel*, a melody; of his *Loves of the Village*, a satirical, and, indeed, a slightly libellous prose essay; or of any other offspring of his brain, so many of which reposed in that great desk of his.

How lovingly he now lingers there, while selecting one or two to place in his pockets, embarrassed by the number of the objects of his affection, like some amorous traveller who has been bidden by an eastern potentate, in gratitude for some great service done, to choose a wife from among the varied beauties of his harem. As one so tempted, if already married, might hastily divorce from his mind his European consort (residing at Wapping or other spot, whither the news of his infidelity need never travel), so Mr Frederick Galton precipitately crammed the *Seven against Thebes* into his pocket, not without perhaps a fleeting mental comparison of the merits of certain ancient and modern authors, to the disadvantage of the former. His choice finally fell upon a translation from Horace, a few specimen chapters of a novel,

the scene of which was laid in Punic Carthage, and a morbid and amorphous poem, called *A Frequent Thought*; and having carefully distributed these manuscripts about his shooting-jacket, he locked his desk, and ran, or rather leaped down stairs.

Mrs Hartopp, the housekeeper, with a letter in her hand, met her young favourite as he rushed out of the hall into the passage at his usual rate of indoor travelling when in good spirits, which was something over seventeen miles an hour. She was very stout, and the passage narrow, so that had not the young gentleman stopped himself upon the instant, a collision would have been inevitable.

'Mercy me, Master Frederick, what a pace you do go about a house, to be sure! Cats is nothing to you.'

'Don't you know I'm a locomotive, and that you should always shunt yourself on to a siding when you hear me coming, Nanny?' replied Frederick, laughing. 'The law ought to be put in force which forbids any obstruction of the line.'

'Line indeed! See, there's your father gone, and I don't know what to do about sending to the railway station. There's my niece Mary, she writes, coming by the mid-day train—she as is going to help me, you know, a bit, and learn about mince-meat and such-like before she goes to live in London—and there is nobody to meet her, poor young thing. James is gone with the gig, you see, and she has never travelled from home before in all her life.'

'I'll meet her, Nanny,' cried the boy, good-naturedly. 'I'll bring her back in the sociable, as carefully as if she was eggs.'

'You, Master Frederick! Certainly not. A pretty thing, indeed, for a young gentleman like you to be fetching the likes of our Polly. Although they do say (for I have not seen her myself since she was so high) that she is uncommon well-looking for her station, and, indeed, she comes of as good a —— Why, bless my life!' cried the old lady, suddenly, and turning of a lively purple—for a great thought had struck along her brain, and flushed her cheek—'if it ain't carrier's day! Jacob Lunes will bring her, of course. I'll just run round at once, and catch him before he starts.' And Mrs Hartopp tied her cap-strings under her chin in a huge bow, which was all the additional clothing she considered necessary for an expedition into the village at that season.

Nature, indeed, had taken the housekeeper under her care in respect of temperature, having covered her with something more than plumpness; while Art had seconded her efforts by bestowing garments of the warmest complexion as well as texture; so that latest summer, even in breezy Casterton, had scarcely a wind to cool the good lady, and far less to give her a chill. Nevertheless, 'Let me run, Nanny, to the carrier's,' exclaimed the young gentleman, gallantly; 'I think I can run faster than you.'

'Deed, and you can do that, Master Fred,' cried the housekeeper, laughing; 'but, thanking you kindly all the same, I'd rather go myself. You're late with your larning, besides, this morning; and your Uncle Morrit is as punctual with his work as is our gray hen with her laying, and makes almost as great a clacking about it. So go along with you, like a good boy.' And Mrs Hartopp, gathering the folds of her dress together in front, after the female fashion, and knitting her

forehead at the boisterous weather—which was her usual substitute for a bonnet on such excursions—stepped out upon her errand.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS, ON A SMALL SCALE.

We have had an Industrial Exhibition in a *swimming-bath*. Do not laugh, good reader; for it is a fact. And a very curious little affair it was, too. Small enterprises are apt to be overlooked because they are small, without due regard to the results that may possibly arise out of them, or the tone of social feeling that they may denote. The colossal Exhibitions of Art and Industry in 1851 and 1862 had all the support of sovereigns and governments to bear them up; and many smaller exhibitions have reaped the advantage derived from the countenance of wealthy men and large manufacturers. It has occurred to some persons, nevertheless, that working-men might themselves possibly get up collections that would illustrate their skill and ingenuity, and give them a certain degree of honest pride in the exhibition of their handiwork.

Who it was that first suggested the idea of the 'South-London Working-classes' Industrial Exhibition, we do not exactly know; but the active zeal of the secretary, Mr Murphy, has been mainly instrumental in realising it. During the first two months of the present year, the working-men south of the Thames (for it was mostly confined to them) were preparing to appear in the character of exhibitors. A very varied list it was, composed of people of every description of humble trade, together with a medley of persons not usually classed among artisans or working-men, such as a chimney-sweep, a postman, school-children, a sorter at the post-office, a seaman, an architect's pupil, a shopman, a chemist's assistant, a print-colourer, a reader in a printing-office, a hair-dresser, an accountant, a linen-draper, a mineral-water bottler, a 'widow,' and an 'evangelist.'

It was resolved that the exhibitors should bring, shew, and remove their exhibited articles at their own expense; that the exhibitors' space should be selected by a sub-committee of non-exhibitors; that exhibited articles might be priced for sale, but not removed till the exhibition was over; that the admission to the exhibition should be as low as twopence, with one penny for a catalogue; that every exhibitor should receive a memento of the exhibition; that a committee of three gentlemen should award prizes (not pecuniary) to such of the exhibitors as had displayed superior skill; and that the prizes should be distributed at a tea-meeting soon after the close of the exhibition. The good feature about these rules is, that they are simple, not aiming at anything of an ambitious character. There was a certain religious tone about the organisation and getting-up of the exhibition; for the managers comprised the 'Committee of the Surrey Chapel Southwark Mission for the Elevation of the Working-classes,' and the 'Working-men's Committee of the Hawkstone Hall Sunday Evening Service.' (What very lengthy designations some of these societies and fraternities bear!) The managers hired the Lambeth Swimming-bath, in the Westminster Road, as an exhibition-room; bathers do not make much use of those large bodies of water in the cold months;

and therefore the swimming-bath, dried and furnished up, was obtainable on easy terms. A few yards of red cloth, a few flags, and a small organ, made a smart affair of it.

It was in March in the present year that this *petite* exhibition was opened. It had a 'ceremonial' like its more majestic predecessors. There was the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair; there was a hymn, written by the Rev. Newman Hall, to the tune of the National Anthem, comprising five new verses added to one verse of *God Save the Queen*; there was a psalm read, and a prayer offered; there were addresses by Sir Morton Peto, the noble Earl, Mr John Bright, Mr Newman Hall, Mr Samuel Morley, and other speakers; then another hymn, and then the chairman declared the exhibition to be 'opened.' As the working-men themselves were particularly anxious to be present as much as possible during the exhibition-hours, to explain their products to the visitors, two results followed—that the exhibition could only be kept open for a limited number of days, and that the hours were chiefly after six in the evening, when the men had left their factories and workshops. As a further consequence, the muster was very strong in the evenings—making the bath a tepid one in a way not originally contemplated. The expenses were small, and were well covered by the receipts, although there was no such a surplus as occasionally embarrasses Mr Gladstone.

The exhibited articles were, as might reasonably have been expected, neither very costly nor very beautiful; they were rather ingenuous and curious. The managers adopted a classification of their own, certainly not such as would have been deemed sufficient in the grander displays. It consisted of nine classes—*useful, ingenuous, ornamental, scientific, artistic, literary, amusing, curious, and miscellaneous*. The 'useful' articles were nearly all such as might be sold at a moderately low price. One was recommended to the notice of the visitors because it was the exhibitor's 'first piece of engineering,' he himself being a printing-machine manager; another, because it was made 'in the first year of the exhibitor's apprenticeship'; and another, because the exhibitor was 'entirely self-taught.' The dairyman must have been almost a universal genius, for he exhibited, as products of his ingenuity, 'a bunch of skewers, two shovels, a cindersifter, a poker, a toasting-fork, a fire-guard, a cheap night-lamp, a towel-roller and brackets, a towel-horse, a foot-bath, a rolling-pin, a paste-board, a soap-box, a sand-box, a flour-box, and a knife-box'; while the shop-warehouseman was hardly less versatile in his scope. An 'anti-garrotting improved safety-cravat' insisted on its claim to admission in this 'useful' list. The 'ingenious' class comprised many articles which certainly must have called forth no small amount of ingenuity. An ironfounder exhibited about a dozen models, 'each set in motion by a halfpenny being dropped into a box attached to it'; these models were some of them rather complicated, seeing that one represented 'Yeovil Church, with a complete set of miniature ringers, and a beautiful peal of bells'; while another was 'a portable mechanical pump, with a miniature man, who pumps up a glass of superior lemonade.' One exhibitor shewed an ingenious contrivance which would 'make a man strike a match, light a lamp, and boil a cup of coffee, while he is getting ready for work.' Another, a tinsmith-worker, astonished

the visitors with a 'Perfect-cure chimney-top for smoky chimneys,' an 'All-in-one coal-scuttle,' an 'Anti-hard egg-boiling saucepan, which lifts out the egg when properly cooked,' and a 'thief-detector, which strikes a light, rings a bell, and pulls a chain across the door, if burglary is attempted.' The exhibitor who designated himself 'evangelist' recommended an inlaid table as having been made by a 'converted infidel.'

The 'ornamental' class was not ornamental enough to call for much notice; nor, indeed, was that to which the general name of 'scientific' was given particularly scientific. The 'artistic' class was represented by pencil-drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, water-colour drawings, oil-paintings, drawn and coloured maps, crayon-drawings, plaster-models and carvings: exhibiting all the usual characteristics of self-taught amateurs in art. One exhibitor called attention to the fact, that his 'pen-and-ink sketch of cards and papers thrown carelessly upon a table covered with oil-cloth' was 'a perfect illusion'; another said that his 'paintings were painted with common halfpenny paint-brushes, the exhibitor being entirely self-taught.' The 'literary' class, which is certainly one which would hardly be looked for under such circumstances, was represented by 'An Essay on Self-education,' 'Two books of original music,' and 'a poetical effusion—The Working-men's Exhibition, Lambeth Baths.' The 'curious,' the 'amusing,' and the 'miscellaneous' classes were lumped together into one in the catalogue, and to some extent in the swimming-bath itself; for it must be admitted that it would require some logical nicety to determine which of these three classes might rightfully claim some of the articles exhibited. An 'octagon bird-cage made out of paper, cut only with a penknife'; a 'paper-model of Surrey Chapel'; a 'grotto ornament of relics from the great fire in Tooley Street, where Braidwood lost his life'; a 'Chinese magic card-temple'; a 'cork castle'; a 'model of a school, farmhouse, and dwelling-house, made of cardboard, cut out with a pocket-knife'; a 'cork copy from a crockery-ware basin'; a 'sea-scene in case, with movable ship'—may certainly be regarded as 'curious,' 'amusing,' or 'miscellaneous' at our pleasure. And let us say kindly word for one Louisa Harding, whose sad occupation is put down as 'invalid,' and who exhibited 'a basket of Berlin-wool flowers, wrought upon a sick-bed in an incurable asylum.'

The managers of this exhibition attempted a little, and succeeded in what they attempted; this is a healthy result, and may afford encouragement for doing more another time. Harm cannot come, good may and will come, from such friendly co-operative gatherings. The exhibition was open nine days, and had thirty thousand visitors.

An additional proof that these minor Exhibitions of Industrial Art are beginning to be regarded with favour, is afforded by the doings at Dublin and Aldershot. Last winter, Colonel Ponsonby, commanding the 12th Foot at Dublin, wishing to relieve the monotony of barrack-life, suggested to his men to get up a small exhibition of ingenious contrivances and pleasing objects, to be constructed by themselves. Several of the men accepted the idea heartily, and the whole regiment derived pleasure from this novel proceeding. Military men, discussing this matter among themselves, came to an opinion that what had been found

useful in a barrack at Dublin might be attended with still more beneficial results among the fifteen or twenty thousand troops usually quartered at Aldershot Camp. The Duke of Cambridge and General Sir John Pennefather having cordially approved of the idea last February, regimental committees were formed, and the troops were invited to prepare specimens of their ingenuity and taste. The authorities gave up the Camp Club House for a temporary period, as an exhibition-room, and on the 29th June the exhibition was formally opened by General Pennefather and a large body of officers, in presence, also, of a considerable number of ladies. The bands of several regiments, massed on the lawn of the Club House, gave *éclat* to the ceremony; and on the first day all the 'rank and fashion' of Aldershot inspected the articles exhibited, the troops generally being admitted on the week-days of the next fortnight. Some of the men belonging to about twenty regiments or corps exhibited—infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, and military train, together with the military-store department and the divisional staff. Each corps had a certain space allotted to it, and thus there was a fair and honest spirit of emulation encouraged. Whether the classification was made before or after the articles were sent in, we do not know; but the system adopted was to place them all in one or other of six groups: 1. Painting, drawing, and photography. 2. Carving, cabinet-making, and carpenters' work. 3. Military engineering, instruments, accoutrements, and equipments. 4. Armourers' and smiths' work. 5. Leather-work. 6. Needle-work and cloth-work. Not only were the rank and file of the several corps concerned in this matter; officers, non-commissioned officers, and the soldiers' wives and children also contributed. A multitude of other ingenious productions were collected together, which need not be further alluded to here; some illustrating the inventive power, some the patient industry, some the delicate touch of the fabricators. A wholly distinct part of the exhibition was that of objects *collected* instead of *made*—that is, all the curious odds-and-ends which officers, non-commissioned officers, privates, their wives and families, had collected during foreign service—a medley of curiosities, rich, of course, in 'trophies' from India, China, the Crimea, and elsewhere. Some of the officers acted as treasurers, some as secretaries, of the exhibition; and the whole affair was a pleasant episode in the dull and usually profitless monotony of camp-life.

A SURFEIT OF PRESERVES.

'It's a first-rate gun, Bob; and I wouldn't take—pass the decanter; thank you—wouldn't take fifty pounds in—"Walnuts?"—No, thank you—in hard cash for it. Let's see—two hares, two brace of pheasants, and a wood-pigeon, besides your bag; and I'm certain we should have done twice as well if it wasn't for the confounded poachers.'

'By the way, old fellow,' said I, passing, but previously taking toll from the decanter—'by the way, that last cock assuredly belonged to my bag. Winged as he was, I was sure of him, without your pouring that second charge into the poor brute.'

'Nonsense, man; he'd have gone clean off. Such pieces as yours are well enough for partridge—

shooting; but for a pheasant, there's nothing like a breech-loader.'

Now, I knew from experience that my old friend, Jack Raynshaw, would have his own way, if I talked for an hour; so I made a virtue of necessity, and gave him the disputed bird, which was, on the whole, generous, seeing that Jack had asked me down for a week's shooting, and the bird in question was undoubtedly his own, probably hatched in the hen-roost, fed on the lawn, and certainly watched over with as much, nay more, care than any old chanticleer on the dunghill. Squire Raynshaw was a stanch preserver, and had been so ever since he came in for his uncle's estate, and left me the sole occupant of the second-floor chambers in Gray's Inn. But Jack was not a bad fellow. In taking prosperity to his bosom, he had done so without letting it displace his heart; and in spite of a certain amount of egotism, and of his having taken a wife to preside over the Hall, Jack was Jack still; and many a happy fortnight we spent together, talking over old times after dinner, and keeping the ladies waiting till out of patience, whilst we, in a happy state of forgetfulness, discussed a bottle of nectar, which, glowing upon the old mahogany table, sent flashing back the light of the fire in a spirit of independence that seemed to say: 'I've not lain forty years in bottle without having a glow of my own, that can put your evanescent light into the shade.'

Jack got up and poked the fire into a brighter fit, and then made himself a shadowed and disportioned monster on the wainscot opposite, by turning his back to the cheerful blaze, and tucking his coat-tails under his arms.

'Now, Bob, a cheroot each, and then tea and the ladies. Ah! if it wasn't for the poachers, there wouldn't be a prettier bit of shooting for fifty miles round: there's no such covers in the neighbourhood. But I believe those fellows of mine are ours. Jones has taken on a new watcher this week, who is to do wonders; but I haven't seen him yet. Hang 'em! I don't think they're rogues, or I'd say they were in league with some of the poaching vagabonds. However, "Set a thief to catch a thief," I'll take on one of the biggest poachers in the place, and make him keeper; for hang me if I like having my game kept down in the way it has been. I was over at Stubbleton the other day, and I could have sworn to one hare I saw hanging at the poulters'. The beggar had no tail, and I've seen it about the nine acres more than once. But we'll have the *crème de la crème* to-morrow, old boy. We haven't been to Copse Corner yet; and we'll have almost a battue there. You must put a stronger charge in that gun of yours, and I'll give you a few—What the d—euce was that?'

I had heard nothing, and said so.

'I'll give you a few shots—There again! By Jove, they're at it in the very place,' saying which, Jack rattled down the shutters, and flung open the window. The wind swept by in gusts, bearing with it the dry leaves upon the gravel-walk; the night was as dark as a railway tunnel, and we stood with our heads out for a few minutes attentively listening. I was just going to drop a hint about his being mistaken, when 'bang, bang' went two guns, evidently at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile from where we stood.

'In my best preserve,' roared the squire; 'in

the very place—hang 'em.' Down went the window. 'I'll let 'em know.' Jangle, jangle went the bell. 'You'll come with me, Bob?'

'Of course,' said I. 'But what are you going to do?'

'Going to do?' he re-echoed. 'Why, take the vagabonds, to be sure.—Here, Thomson,' he shouted to the butler; 'my shooting-jacket and hat—my boots too,' he roared after the departing Mercury. 'No; never mind—hang the boots!'

In less than two minutes, we had slipped on our shooting-jackets and hats; and Jack, armed with a constable's staff, and I with a keeper's bludgeon, were on the point of slipping out of the front-door, when a faint scream arrested us; and upon turning round, we saw Mrs Raynshaw and her sister at the head of the stairs. The news had ascended to the drawing-room, and a scene was impending; but Jack rushed up to his *cara sposa*; and amid a torrent of expostulations and expressions of fear, I heard him keep up a running fire of 'No danger—keepers—plenty of help—constables—jail—vagabonds—quiet—care of myself,' &c.; and a few moments after we were off at double quick-march over the lawn, when the darkness compelled us to reduce that speed to a walk. We heard another shot from the same direction as we issued from the front-door, and then all was silent, with the exception of our hurried footfalls as we hastened on, I having, on my part, enough to do to keep up with my companion. Our route was very dark, and rendered none the more agreeable by our having to squeeze through an occasional hedge, or force our way through a plantation, clothed as we were about the lower extremities in dress-boots and trousers. However, we pushed on till we came to what seemed to be an extensive oak-plantation, where Jack began to reconnoitre. He stopped at intervals to listen, but the whistling and moaning of the wind through the half-bare trees were the only sounds that greeted our ears. 'Let's go round by the other side,' he whispered at last, 'and then we can head them towards the village, and so cut off their retreat. I almost wish now that I had sent down to the lodge, and brought up Jones and the watcher, and then we should have been sure of them.'

'So do I,' said I laconically.

'Eh! why, you're not afraid, are you?'

'O no; I can't say I'm afraid,' I replied; 'but I don't much like the job,' which was speaking facts.

'There'll be no tussle,' said Jack: 'all you've got to do is to hit the first fellow you come across smartly on the right arm above the elbow, and he'll give in directly.'

'All right!' said I, taking a fresh grip of my weapon, but not without sundry misgivings that the advice I had received might prove worse in practice than it sounded in theory.

We had now skirted round the edge of the copse, and speaking in a low whisper, Jack said: 'We'll get over the hedge here, and beat through the cover,' saying which, he gave a spring, and leaped over the ditch. There was a rustle, and a crackling sort of crash, and then the squire's voice gave utterance to something that sounded uncommonly like an imprecation.

'What's wrong?' I whispered.

'Oh, hang it!' growled Jack.

'Well, what is it?' I reiterated.

'Oh, come over; I'm staked!'

I went over, but in a slower and more cautious manner, and found that my friend's person and clothes had somewhat suffered, for he had jumped upon a hedge-stake; and we had to spend five minutes in repair of damages by tearing up our handkerchiefs and binding up the fluttering trouser to his scarified leg.

At last we set off again, the squire leading the way, and stopping to listen every few minutes; after about a quarter of an hour's ramble up and down the narrow paths, pricking my legs, tripping over roots, and getting smacks in the face from the rebounding hazel, Jack turned round to me and said: 'They're gone, Bob.'

'A very good job too,' said I, for I felt excessively crusty, and wished myself back by the fire.

'Humph!' said Jack.

Presently the squire tripped up, and went sprawling in amongst the bushes. I helped him to pick himself up, and we were both muttering anathemas upon the darkness, when we heard a sharp crack as of a dead branch snapped by a passing脚步, and then the rustling of the underwood, as though somebody were forcing a way through.

'Now, Bob!' said my friend, as, turning in the direction of the sound, he groped his way on.

I wished myself anywhere but where I was, but there was nothing else for it, so I pushed on after him, fully determined to have the first cut at anybody I met. I had but little time for thought, for there was a scuffle, oaths, blows, and then a great brute of a fellow came at me like a bull. There was no stopping for conversation, and following out my preconceived determination, I hit at him, and the bludgeon came down 'thud' upon the fellow's shoulder. He roared out an oath, and in a moment my left arm fell numb to my side, all thoughts of cowardice vanishing with the pain. I hit at him, single-stick fashion, and it was give and take with us for the next five minutes. The fellow must have had an iron skull, for I know I caught him over it five times, and in return received several nasty blows, and a cut on the forehead, from which a comfortable warm stream began to flow. Just in the very height of the conflict, I heard some one come blowing and panting behind me, and, dreading a new enemy, I made a desperate cut at my adversary. I believe the blow fell upon his hand, for his bludgeon dropped, and with a sort of howl he turned and fled, just as the squire came limping up.

'The field's ours, but it's no use to follow them, Bob,' said he; 'they know the country; and what with that cursed hedge-stake, and the scuffle I've had, I'm about done up.'

'So am I,' said I, mechanically putting my hands in my pocket, and leaning against a tree. 'I've had a fellow like a mad bull to deal with. How have you fared?'

'Don't ask,' growled Jack; 'I'm half killed.'

As we spoke, one of my hands came in contact with a powder-flask; but the other fared better, for I drew out my little leather-covered flask, which I always fill before setting out on an excursion, and on shaking it, I found, to my delight, that it was half-full. 'Here, old boy, take a pull,' said I, passing the flask.

'Ha!' said the squire, drawing a long breath; 'that's like new life. What do you say to a pursuit, Bob?'

I was too busy with the flask to answer at once, but when at liberty, I returned a decided negative. 'Which is the nearest cut home?' I said, giving a species of groan with the pain I was suffering.

'You seem bad, Bob; suppose we try a little more brandy. Now, follow me,' said the squire; and he led on, but very slowly, for we limped over the ground at a very different rate from the one at which we came.

There was very little conversation till we reached the house, my friend merely expressing his wonder at what the fellows had done with their guns. We went round to the back-entrance, and quietly entered the dining-room, so as not to alarm the ladies. The butler stared at us with astonishment, and the same performance was reciprocated between ourselves. The squire was a perfect scarecrow—face torn, mouth bleeding, and with one eye closed; and upon consulting the glass, I found that I was in no better plight. Glasses were sent for; and after the decanter had passed twice—Thomson keeping watch outside, that we might not be discovered by the occupants of the drawing-room—Jack stretched out his hand, squeezed mine, and said: 'Bob, old fellow, you're a tramp!'

Saying which he rose, and we were about to adjourn to our rooms, when we heard voices in the passage, and directly after Thomson pushed in his head, with 'Here's Jones and the watcher, sir; they've just had a fray with poachers'—

'And got them?' said the squire.

'And wants to see you about going to the magistrates. They have got it horful, sir?'

'Shew 'em in,' said his master.

There was at once a great deal of shoe-rubbing, coughing, and shuffling, and then in came Mr Jones, the keeper, and the watcher. The latter gentleman had both his eyes nearly closed up, a fearful cut across the bridge of his nose, and a tooth knocked out. Jones was all whiskers and blue handkerchief, for his head was swathed in bandages, in addition to which he carried his right arm in a sling.

The two men stood and stared, or tried to stare at us, for a few moments, when the squire broke out: 'Lord bless my soul! where did this happen? The scoundrels are out in force to-night. Here, my lads, have a glass of wine.'

The lads seemed no way averse to the glass of wine, nor yet to another. As for myself, I sat petrified, and forgot my pain, for a fearful suspicion had crossed my mind.

'Now, Jones,' said the squire, 'where was it?'

A sort of muffled growl came from beneath Jones's bandages as he said: 'Heard firin', sur, and we tracked it to be in Copse Corner, sur, though he say at first it were in Burnet Bottom; and when we got to the Corner, about ten fellows set upon us, an' at last we was 'bliged to give in—worn't we, Bill?' Bill nodded and grunted, and seemed to be looking for a place wherein to expectorate.

The squire began to shuffle about uneasily in his chair, looking first at the keepers, and then at me. I was aching with pain and my efforts to keep from bursting out into a guffaw. Just then, Jones turned round and caught my eye, and I said to him: 'Are you sure there were ten, Jones?'

The man pushed up his bandages to get a better look at my battered face; then stared at the squire, then again at me, then at Bill, and last

of all, threw his hat upon the floor, and exclaimed: 'Well, I'm blowed!'

The squire fumbled in his pocket for a minute, and then got up, giving a groan as he did so, and stuffed something into each of his servants' hands as he said: 'Have another glass of wine, my lads; and Jones, mind this affair is not talked about in the village.'

Jones gave a ghastly grin, and swallowed his wine, and Bill did likewise; and in putting down his glass dropped a sovereign upon the mahogany, and could not see to pick it up; this was done for him by Thomson; after which the pair sidled and shuffled out, Jones turning round once to try and wink at me, but it was an ineffectual attempt, for his right eye would not open sufficiently for the purpose. As the door closed, I turned round to Jack, and roaring with laughter, inquired: 'What do you think of that?'

'Oh, hang it!' said Jack.

A PEEP INTO GENERAL BONAPARTE'S DOSSIER.*

On the first and second stories of a vast stone building in Paris, called the 'Military Dépot,' are to be found individual dossiers. A very large special chamber contains those of the field-marshals and generals of France; and amid the very many shelves which are illustrated by very many great and warlike names, *one volume*, rather different from the surrounding thousands, attracts the visitor's attention; it is neatly bound in green morocco-leather, dotted with golden bees, and bearing the title 'NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'.

On opening this little volume, the first document we read in it is Bonaparte's military services set forth in the ordinary routine way; then follows his baptismal certificate, worded in Latin, drawn up at Ajaccio, and bearing an official stamp, with the following legend: 'Island of Corsica.'—'One halfpenny (*un sol*).'
Then comes a certificate of neediness (*un certificat de pauvreté*), accompanied by a diploma, which is signed by Hozier de Serigny, and countersigned by the Judge-at-arms of the Nobility of France, Count Duplessis, which latter document testifies to the king that 'Napoleon de Bonaparte, born on the 15th August 1769, is inheritor of nobility sufficient to entitle him to be admitted among the gentlemen educated by his majesty in the royal military-schools.'

Then follow, in chronological succession, the various service-dispatches received by him when a subaltern, and afterwards a general in the army. Here is to be seen a Report, drawn up for the Committee of Public Safety, on the 22d Vendémiaire, or first month of the republican calendar (which began on the 1st March), in the fourth year of the republic, by the commission for the organisation and movements of the French army and navy; this Report setting forth that 'General Bonaparte may be authorised, at his own solicitation, to pass into the service of Turkey, with two artillery officers, M. Songis, a *chef de bataillon*'—which is almost the equivalent of major

* A dossier, in France, is a bundle of authentic documents, relating to the person whose name is written in full on the wrapper. The word is derived from the noun *doss*, back; and the impersonal verb *sied*, it becomes, or suits.

in the British army—‘and Captain Marmont.’ Upon what a feeble thread doth sometimes the fate of empires hang; and what events might have come to pass, had this project been put into execution!

There are also in the dossier a few autographs from the young officer’s pen: we have selected one of them, which is addressed to M. Lessancquer, first-clerk in the War-office, and we give it verbatim:

‘SIR—Quite a stranger in Paris, and having no acquaintances, it is only in you I can hope. The friendship you entertained for my father, induces me to trust you will do something for me. In the remodelling of the corps, it seems to me that I am about to change regiment; this grieves me in every point of view—whereas officers who follow me immediately would permute most willingly. I have a brother preparing for the corps; I have undertaken his education myself, and this I could not accomplish in another regiment. If the remodelled work had already appeared, I would not importune you, for then I should have only to obey; but in the present state of affairs, I flatter myself that you will deign to interest yourself on my behalf. I will preserve a grateful remembrance of your kindness.—With respect, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

BONAPARTE,

Lieutenant in the Regiment of Laffére.

Auxonne, June 3, 1791.’

Another letter, which is addressed ‘to the Administrators of Versailles,’ on the 1st of September 1792, is on behalf of his sister Marianne, whose guardian he had become—who was then houseless, because of the sudden suppression of the educational establishment of St Louis, and in whose favour he claimed the twenty sous per league to which she was entitled, to carry her on her way to Ajaccio, her residential domicile.

Thus it was that the great master of all Europe, save of England—the man whose glory spread all over the world, who cared little or naught for the displeasure of emperors and kings combined against him—was once a poor, forlorn stranger in Paris, void of all friends or acquaintances. What a page in history! Let us now follow Napoleon I. in the various ‘lodgings’ he occupied in Paris from his first arrival there to his final departure. First, in chronological order, comes the cell that was allowed young Bonaparte at the military school, when he went from the preparatory-military academy at Brienne to Paris in 1784, with four other school-fellows, under the care of a monk. The small room or cell he occupied there, conjointly with a cadet named Desmazis, was situated on the uppermost floor, and had one hundred and seventy-three steps leading to it, with only one window looking into the principal square, or courtyard of the school. Its previous occupants had left, scratched upon its whitewashed walls, various sentences and souvenirs, from which we select the following, as portraying the character of the writers: ‘Life is but one continuous falsehood.’ (Signed) The CHEVALIER ADOLPHE DELMAS.—‘An epauvette is a long time winning.’ (Signed) DE MONTGIVRAY.—‘All ends under six feet deep of earth!’ (Signed) COUNT DE LA VILLETE.—‘Three things there be which a nobleman should never countenance being insulted in his presence—his God, his king, and his mistress.’ (Signed) The MARQUIS DE SAINT.—‘The finest day in life is

the day of battle.’ (Signed) VISCOUNT DE TINTENIAC.

Napoleon added as his contribution to the ornaments of this small room, a ‘View of Ajaccio,’ and the portraits of his three sisters, done from memory.

After the high-perched cell at the military-school, came the garret occupied by Bonaparte in the house No. 5 Quai Conti, at a right angle with the Rue de Nevers. This apartment, which received light from a jutting-out window on the roof, is now occupied by a painter; while a marble slab, fixed up at the street-door entrance to the house, chronicles the fact, that the great emperor had once lived there. In 1792, Bonaparte lodged at the Hôtel de Metz, where he occupied one room, No. 14, on the third floor. He was at that time a captain of artillery, and took his meals at a modest eating-house in the Rue des Petits-Pères, kept by Citizen Justat, who supplied his customers with a variety of fish, flesh, and vegetable dishes at six sous or threepence per dish; so that a *client* who spent one franc for his dinner, was considered a good customer. Now a days, a franc would go but little way in procuring a good dinner in Paris. Low as the price of each dish was, Bonaparte generally took but two. One day, in order to pay for his humble meal, he was obliged to pledge his watch at Fauvelet’s. This man was the eldest brother of Bourrienne, and he kept a sort of pawn-broker’s shop under the name of ‘National Auction Mart,’ at Longueville House, on the Place du Carrousel.

In 1794, Bonaparte had risen to be a general of artillery, and then he took up his abode in an ancient house, with four windows abreast in the front, on the left hand when entering the Rue du Mail from the Rue Montmartre. He went to look at the apartments, accompanied by Louis Bonaparte, the future king of Holland, and by Junot, the future Duke d’Abrantes. The name or sign of that house was *Hôtel des Droits de l’Homme*. Here he took a duodecimo apartment on the fourth floor; and immediately over it, two small rooms, one for his brother Louis, and the other for Junot—the cost for the whole being only seven-and-twenty francs a month, *chambres faites*, that is, including room-cleaning, bed-making, and boot-cleaning.

It was at this rising period of his military career that Bonaparte declined exchanging his rank of general of artillery for that of general of infantry, with which latter rank the then existing government was desirous of sending him into La Vendée to quell the royalists, who were at that time in full insurrection; and as he promptly refused, he was cancelled from the list of general officers, and deprived of all pay. His savings were soon swallowed up, and then it was for the first time that he bethought of and decided upon leaving Paris, and becoming either an agriculturist or a manufacturer! But Paris had still its charms for him, and thither he returned in 1795, and there he took a small, very cheap furnished lodging (twenty francs a month), at No. 19 Rue de la Michodière, five or six doors from the Boulevard des Italiens. He afterwards removed to the Hôtel Mirabeau, in the *impasse*, or blind alley, du Dauphin, hard by the Tuilleries. It was a rickety old smoky house, three stories high, the shops on each side of it being occupied, one by a cook, the other by a perruquier and barber. The rent of the rooms

varied from twelve to eighteen francs a month ; but the closets, without fireplaces, were let at from six to eight francs a month. General Bonaparte engaged room No. 5, in the fore-part of the house, so that it may be supposed he had to pay the highest price—that is, eighteen francs, or fifteen British shillings per month, for his blind-alley apartment. But it was near the Tuilleries, and what did not his 'star' hold in store for him ? Here, the youthful general made, it is said, and unwittingly, a deep impression on the heart of the *citoyenne*, Miss Fanchette, the only daughter of old Rouget, the proprietor of the hôtel. *Citoyen* or *Citizen* Rouget, seeing how matters stood, resolved upon having the general for his son-in-law, but on the stipulated condition, that the latter should give up the army and soldiering, and take the management of the establishment into his own hands. But, alas, how mutable is the course of human affairs ! Paris was up in arms ; hard fighting was going on in all quarters, and poor Demoiselle Fanchette had her leg broken by an iron ball in the passage St Roch, close to her father's residence, and amputation was obliged to be performed in the very Hôtel Mirabeau, which had been turned into an *ambulance*, or impromptu hospital. Adieu to Papa Rouget's golden dream of marriage ; the dashing young general, wisely thought and reasoned he could not with propriety marry an innkeeper's daughter with a wooden leg. What a misfortune ! And the poor man soon found a purchaser for his business, and retired to his native town in Gascony, where he ended his days in quietness, but not till he had heard of his *young general*, the desired son-in-law of his heart, proclaimed Emperor ! But history tells us that Mademoiselle Fanchette did find a husband at last, and an excellent one too—a rising young tradesman of the town, who, despite her wooden leg, made her a contented wife and a happy mother, while he himself was unto her an exemplary husband. Junot having by chance heard of Fanchette's marriage, communicated it to the Emperor, who quickly despatched one of his aides-de-camp to compliment the married couple in his name, and to present them with a magnificent cradle, in which was concealed a splendid casket, containing twenty bank-notes of one thousand francs each ; so that Papa Rouget, who had lived to see his daughter well married and settled for life, exclaimed with heartfelt joy, on seeing the aide-de-camp with the imperial presents, and on hearing the imperial message : 'Dieu soit loué ! Malheur est bon à quelque chose !' (God be praised ! Misfortune is good for something !)

To the humble Hôtel Mirabeau, in the blind alley, succeeded the splendid Hôtel de la Colonade, in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, *still near the Tuilleries*. Here it was that General Bonaparte, on his appointment of Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, took up his quarters, with his full staff ; here it was that he received the visit of Eugène Beauharnais, accompanied by his mother ; and here it was that General Bonaparte for the first time in his life saw Josephine.

After his marriage with Josephine, Napoleon took up his residence at the simple but elegant house in the Rue Chantereine, No. 52, which street, after the grand campaign in Italy was over, was rebaptised in his honour Rue de la Victoire, and which name it bears to this day.

The next Napoleon habitations in Paris were palaces, beginning with the Luxembourg, in the Faubourg St Germain, which Bonaparte, as First Consul, seemed only to walk through on his passage to the long-desired Tuilleries ; and afterwards, when his mightiness as Emperor began to decline—when his 'star' shot lower down, vacillating and bedimmed somewhat on the political horizon—the Elysée ; and finally, out of Paris, and away, far away from his beloved France, *sa France chérie*, Longwood, on the rock of St Helena.

It was on the 12th of December 1840, at mid-day, that a grand military and civil funeral cortège proceeded from Courbevoie, headed by the Prince de Joinville, to Paris—passed under the Triumphal Arch through the Champs Elysées, over the Place and Bridge Louis XV., before the Chamber of Deputies, round the Champ de Mars, up to the Hôtel des Invalides, where the mortal remains of the foremost man of his age, and of many preceding ages, are now for ever laid.

It was a bitterly cold and clear frosty day ; but thousands and thousands from all parts of France had flocked to see the ceremony—the accomplishment of almost the last clause in the testamentary wishes of Napoleon I.—that his remains should repose on the banks of the Seine—*sur les rives de la Seine*.

THE HAYMAKERS.

THE sun laughs through, piercing the blue,

And cleaving the red clouds' heart ;

Up from the corn, in the sweet June morn

The larks by twenties start.

The wheat's green sea rolls wide and free

For many a pleasant mile,

As row by row the mowers go,

On every face a smile.

Each corn-flower blue wears a jewel of dew,

And over the bright green sea,

The poppies on high their red flags fly,

All fluttering in their glee.

The stalks between, bright-flashing, keen,

Sweeps on each glittering scythe ;

Of the sorrel red, and the thistle-head,

They take a royal tithe.

But when the noon, no whit too soon,

Comes with its lessening shadow,

They sit and laugh, and joke and quaff,

Under the oak in the meadow.

Then when sun sets, and cool dew wets

The tawny hills of hay,

Homeward they go, and the after-glow

Greets them upon their way.

All communications to be addressed to 'The Editors of *Chamber's Journal*, 47 Paternoster Row, London,' accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed. Communications should also, in every case, be accompanied by the writer's *Christian and surname in full*.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.